

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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WHAT IS TO BE DONE FOR THE CHOIRS?—No. II.

BY A LAY-VICAR.

"The solemn praise of God in Church music hath ever been accounted pious and laudable; yea, even that which is compounded with some art and elegance; for Saint Paul speaks as if he had newly come from the quire of Asaph, requiring us to '*praise God, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.*' Surely he would not have expressed himself in such variety of phrase, I think, if he had not approved variety of musick in the service of the Lord."

DR. HACKETT'S *Speech to the Long Parliament.*

THE Reverend Sydney Smith is not to be made a bishop. His Whig friends have determined to limit the sphere of his utility to the vicarage of Halberton in the county of Devon; to the rectory of Coombe Fleury in the county of Somerset; and to the canon-residentiaryship of St. Paul's: and they have added to their offence of excluding him from a seat on the Episcopal bench, that still graver crime of enriching one of the most active of those who are already seated there, at his expense:—"Hinc illæ lachrymæ!"

He remonstrated to Lord John Russell, "that excellent person," as he styles him, but remonstrated in vain; and, as he tells us in a note to the second edition* of his pamphlet, "went on plugging and remon-

* It is indeed a genuine *Second Edition*, and, although it is not announced on the title page as containing '*Additions and Improvements,*' (?) the careful reader will find several very piquant additional passages interspersed among its pages. The following is not the worst specimen of them.

"This, it will be said, is a mammonish view of the subject; it is so, but those who make that objection, forget the immense effect which mammon produces upon religion itself. Shall the Gospel be preached by men paid by the State? Shall these men be taken from the lower orders, and be meanly paid?—shall they be men of learning and education?—and shall there be some magnificent endowment to allure such men into the Church? Which of these methods is the best for diffusing the rational doctrines of Christianity? not in the age of the Apostles, not in the abstract, timeless, placeless, land of the philosophers,—but in the year 1837, in the porter-brewing, cotton-spinning, tallow-melting, kingdom of Great Britain, bursting with opulence, and flying from poverty as the greatest of human evils. Many different answers may be given to these questions; but they are questions that do not end in mammon, but have a powerful bearing on real religion, and deserve the deepest consideration from its disciples and friends. Let the comforts of the clergy go for nothing. Consider their state only as religion is affected by it. If, upon this principal, I am forced to allot to some an opulence which my clever friend, the Examiner, would pronounce to be unapostolical, I cannot help it; I must take the people with all their follies, and prejudices, and circumstances, and carve out an establishment best suited for them, however unfit for early christianity in barren and conquered India."

strating, till the great man said to me, '*You had far better leave us alone, and publish your thoughts upon the subject.*' A piece of advice which Sydney has taken in good part, and followed with so much effect, as to convince the whole reading public of Lord John Russell's claims to the title of a man of judgment, far more effectually than his Lordship himself could have done by the publication of another '*Don Carlos*,' or '*Essay on the British Constitution.*' That '*excellent person*' acted with considerable shrewdness. He saw that the blood of Sydney was up at the '*LITTLE EPISODE OF PLUNDER,*' (to use his own phrase) contemplated by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and he therefore very wisely directed his attack against the Tory Bishop of London, in preference to the Whig Prime Minister. He knew that the offended residentiary was a man cunning of fence,—one who would not give up his patronage without making a hard fight for it;—so, when he cried *Seize him!* he pointed not to Lord Melbourne but to Bishop Blomfield.

The correspondent of Archdeacon Singleton acknowledges 'a reform of the Church was absolutely necessary—it cannot be avoided and ought not to be postponed;' he says 'the public were disgusted with the spectacle of rich prebendaries enjoying large incomes and doing nothing for them;' and declares his belief that 'it is not for the *lack of prebendaries* that the Church of England is unpopular, *but for their idleness.*'

'The real remedy for this, (in his opinion) would have been (according to the plan so properly recommended by the Church of Canterbury) to have combined wealth and labour; and as each of the present prebendaries fell off, to have annexed the stall to some large and populous parish. A prebendary of Canterbury or St. Paul's, in his present state, may make the Church unpopular; but place him as rector of a parish with 8000 or 9000 people, and in a benefice of little or no value, he works for his wealth, and the odium is removed. In like manner the prebends which are not the property of residentiaries, might have been annexed to the smallest livings of the neighbourhood, where the prebendal estate was situated.'

There is certainly good sense in this proposal, and what is of far more consequence apparently in the writer's estimation, his patronage would have been preserved, and all the '*cathedrals in England* would not have been subjected to the unconciliatory empire and unwearied energy of one man!' and he might have added, the public would have been spared the pain of seeing those clothed in purple and fine linen, contending with the inferior dignitaries of the Church for that good thing yeleft patronage.

Patronage, and nothing but patronage, is the object for which bishops and deans and chapters are alike contending.

Who among them all has come forward to say, the time for change has arrived;—the time when we may revise our statutes, remodel our system, and apply the ample means with which our cathedral establishments have been endowed, by the piety and munificence of former ages, to the more perfect performance of Divine Worship;—to revive in the service of the church that solemn and overpowering grandeur with which it was performed in the days of old, when our forefathers, rejecting Catholicism, encrusted as it was with the superstitions and cruelty

of the dark ages, as unscriptural and idolatrous, did with the same wisdom that led to that renunciation, adopt in their cathedral service those forms of the rejected faith which at once stimulated and aroused the devotional feelings of man, and celebrated, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, the glory and omnipotence of God? Who has come forward to say, Let us rescue our cathedrals from the slur cast upon them by the inefficiency of our choirs? Who has come forward to propose that the vicars-choral should be increased to their former numbers, and should be restored to their former privileges? Not one. They are altogether lost sight of. And being as they are the very humblest ministers of religion, they cannot complain of being overlooked, while this struggle between the bishops and chapters is thus raging, seeing that religion itself seems to be quite left out of view. Mammon has supplanted her, even in the high places and the chief seats in the synagogue.

Let us give the Rev. Sydney Smith's opinion touching the question of patronage: "This squabble about patronage is said to be disgraceful. Those who mean to be idle and insolent, because they are at peace, may look out of the window and say, This is a disgraceful squabble between bishops and chapters; but those who mean to be just should ask *Who begins?* the real disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, and not in the defence. If a man put his hand into my pocket to take my property, am I disgraced if I prevent him? Churchmen are ready enough to be submissive to their superiors; but were they to submit to a spoliation so gross, accompanied with ignominy and degradation, and to bear all this in submissive silence? to be accused of NEPOTISM BY NEPOTISTS, who were praising themselves indirectly by the accusation, and benefiting themselves directly by the confiscation founded on it? The real disgrace would have been to have submitted to this: and men are to be honoured, not disgraced, who come forth, *contrary to their usual habits, (spirit of Peter Plymley!!!)* to oppose their masters, whom in common seasons they would willingly obey; but who, in this matter, have tarnished their dignity, and forgotten what they owe to them and to us."

Mandeville, the author of the 'Fable of the Bees,' in his book entitled 'Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church, and National Happiness,' has a passage to the effect "that the great danger there is in the quarrels of the clergy is, that there can be no drawn battle among them; being in all their contests both judges and parties, one side must fall, and there can be no peace without a conquest." Sydney Smith seems to be somewhat of Mandeville's opinion, and determined if possible not to be the vanquished party. All the cathedrals of England may be knocked about our ears, and his friend Archdeacon Singleton may sit like Caius Marius on the ruins; but if the Church be wind-bound by public opinion, he has no intention, if he can help it, of becoming the Iphigenia by whose sacrifice the Gods are to be propitiated. Who could paint the reverend residentiary, with a countenance in which fun and resignation contended for the mastery, clad in his white and well-filled surplice, marching with downcast eye and solemn step along the lofty aisles of St. Paul's, while the organ, touched by the finger of Mr. Attwood, or the foot of an auxiliary, conceals as far as possible the

inadequacy of the vicars-choral (though *no fewer than six* be in attendance) to do justice to the funeral hymns and songs of sacrifice? Who I say again could paint a scene like this? Timanthes veiled the face of Agameamnon, in despair at his inability to do justice to its expression. The modern painter would undoubtedly have to veil the countenances of all the spectators, for assuredly he could never fully and faithfully express the mingled smiles and tears which the sight of this Iphigenia of the 19th century would call forth. But his skill will, it is feared, not be called into exercise. The Rev. Sydney Smith has no idea of falling a willing victim beneath the sacrificial blade of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

No, if he fall, it must be in the brunt of the fight. He has signified his intention of doing battle *à l'outrance*; he has set his spear in the rest, and directed its glittering point against the purple-vested bosom of the Bishop of London, whom he seeks to prove, in the words of Cowley, 'a very rogue, that's the truth on't, as to the business between man and man, but as to God-ward always counted an upright man and very devout.' My readers shall see a few of his home-thrusts; the first being destined to be shared among the 'right reverend' body generally.

"I should have thought, if the love of what is just had not excited the Commissioner-Bishops, that the ridicule of men voting such comfortable things to themselves as the prebendal patronage, would have alarmed them; but they want to sacrifice with other men's hecatombs, and to enjoy at the same time the character of great disinterestedness and the luxury of unjust spoliation. It was thought necessary to make a fund; and the prebends in the gift of the bishops* were appropriated to that purpose. The bishops who consented to this have then made a great sacrifice—true; but they have taken more out of our pockets than they have disbursed from their own; where then is the sacrifice? they must either give back *the patronage or the martyrdom*: if they choose to be martyrs—which I hope they will do—let them give us back our patronage: if they prefer the patronage, they must not talk of being martyrs—they cannot combine the sweets of rapine with the odour of sanctity.

"We are told, If you agitate these questions among yourselves, you will have the democratic Philistines come down upon you, and sweep you all away together. Be it so; I am quite ready to be swept away when the time comes. Every body has their favourite death: some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than, under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by bishops."

Having thus gently rubbed down the Episcopal Bench, and vented a "So much for Episcopal Sacrifices," our facetious ecclesiastic proceeds: "And who does not see the end and meaning of all this? The Lay Commissioners, who are members of the government, cannot and

* The writer's note is too good to be omitted.—"The bishops have, however, secured for themselves all the livings which were in the separate gifts of prebendaries and deans, and they have received from the Crown a very large contribution of valuable patronage; why or wherefor is known only to the unfathomable wisdom of ministers. The glory of Martyrdom can be confined only, at best, to the bishops of the old Cathedrals, for there are scarcely any separate prebends in the new cathedrals."

will not attend; the Archbishops of York and Canterbury are quiet and amiable men, going fast down in the vale of life; some of the members of the Commission are expletives—some must be absent in their Dioceses—the Bishop of London is passionately fond of labour, has certainly no aversion to power, is of quick temper, great ability, thoroughly versant in ecclesiastical law, and always in London. He will become the Commissioner; when the Church of England is mentioned, it will only mean *Charles James of London*, who will enjoy a greater power than has ever been possessed by any churchman since the days of Laud, and will become the CHURCH OF ENGLAND HERE ON EARTH!"

And again speaking of the same Reverend Dignitary, he says,

"He can slip into any Ecclesiastical Act of Parliament any thing he pleases. There is nobody to heed or to contradict him; provided the power of the Bishops is extended by it, no Bishop is so ungenteel as to oppose the act of his Right Reverend Brother; and there are not many men who have knowledge, eloquence, or force of character, to stand up against the Bishop of London, and above all of industry to watch him." The next blow, is a more insidious one, for though the writer cries out with Lord Foppington, 'I mention no names, sink me!' could the most simple minded reader mistake the following sketch for a portrait of any other Prelate than the Bishop of London.

"A good and honest Bishop (I thank God there are many who deserve that character!) ought to suspect himself and carefully to watch his own heart. He is all of a sudden elevated from being a tutor, dining at an early hour with his pupil (*and occasionally it is believed on cold meat**) to be a spiritual Lord: he is dressed in a magnificent dress decorated with a title, flattered by Chaplains, and surrounded by little people looking up for the things which he has to give away; and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the Frogs of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos. How is it possible that such a man should not lose his head: that he should not swell? that he should not be guilty of a thousand follies, and worry and tease to death (before he recovers his common sense) a hundred men as good, and as wise, and as able as himself?"

But our jovial Residentiary, unlike

"Bennet's famous master,
Who broke the scholar's head,
And gave the walls a plaster,"

applies at the end of his pamphlet a plaster to the pericranium of his Episcopal adversary—a plaster far too scanty however, as it seems to me, to cover the wounds which he had previously made.

"Who can see the Bishop of London without admiring his superior talents—being pleased with his society—without admitting that, *upon the whole*, the public is benefitted by his ungovernable passion for busi-

* The words in italics are an amendment introduced into the second edition, and prove incontestably that the Reverend writer's spleen is not abated, and that he by no means repents him of the violence with which he has attacked the episcopal dispoiler of his patronage.

ness; and without receiving the constant workings of a really good heart, as an atonement for the occasional excesses of an impetuous disposition? I am quite sure, if the tables had been turned, and if it had been his lot, as a canon, to fight against the encroachments of bishops, that he would have made as stout a defence as I have done—the only difference is, that he would have done it with much greater talent.”

If this be considered by the bishop a sufficient atonement, he is indeed a man easily satisfied; that he should patiently endure this treatment is not to be believed; but that the following remonstrance is genuine cannot for one moment be supposed. As it will, however, serve to irrigate the dryness of debate, we have borrowed it from the pages of the *Morning Chronicle*:

INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON
TO THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

“Tho’ I never supposed you a man of much kidney,
I did not believe you’d be guilty, dear Sydney,
Of abusing the bench, which as futile is quite, man,
As throwing a shovel of dirt on a nightman.
You’ll find I’m your match in the science of slanging,
A very Jack Ketch in rhetorical hanging;
So listen to me, and I dare to conjecture
You’ll be gibbeted well by the end of the lecture.

I knew you had always a dash of the leaven,
For a priest rather waggishly, Whiggishly given;
I knew you were fond of transgressing the borders
Decorum assigns to the primness of orders;
But I thought that St. Paul’s was enough in all reason
To stop your sarcastical mouth for a season,
And I hoped that the cupola’d stuck in your swallow,
And silenced the Radical’s ‘Magnus Apollo.’
Then why should you pen such a pamphlet as this is,
Describing us all as a parcel of quizzes,
And taking the part of those Radical Tartars,
Who want to make Bishops an army of martyrs?

Perhaps, my dear Syd, it may kindle your wonder
To hear me thus hurling my clerical thunder;
But, ’twixt you and me, I have fastened my eyes on
The Palace of Lambeth to crown my horizon;
And ministers finding me not very zealous,
Have made me of late most confoundedly jealous,—
Since Lincoln, my rival as scholar and writer,
Has views on the archiepiscopal mitre.

I wish that we parsons could still, as in story,
Head statesmen and warriors, and lead them to glory;
Like Mazarin, Wolsey, De Retz, Alberoni,
And one or two others—don’t you, my old crony?
With Loyola’s self I might then have competed;
And, now a-days, men are so hard to be cheated!
Instead of an order of monks, my researches
Can hit on no project but twenty new churches.
Instead of controlling the realm, my ambition
Finds even my peerage a doubtful position;

And naughty Charles Buller, who laughs at my canting,
Provokes one so much with his Radical ranting,
That often my conscience is troubled with scruples :—
I think on the days when I used to take pupils ;
I wish that once more I could cane 'em and pull 'em,
And give up the world and the splendors of Fulham,
To bum-brush again on some snug little glebe, as
When working of old at my dear '*Contra Thebas*.'

Then why, my good Syd, should you add to my troubles,
By blowing your flashy satirical bubbles ?
Instead of these squibs, go and publish some sermons,
Give up misquotations from Dutchmen and Germans,—
And, though I am not over much given to giving,
Perhaps, one fine day, I may give you a living."

Here, for the present, I take my leave of the Reverend Sydney Smith, that I may see whether the Memorials addressed by the several Chapters to the Ecclesiastical Commission, furnish any sort of answer to that important question, *What is to be done for the Choirs ?*

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—With reference to the communication in your last number, from your valuable contributor, Mr. Hogarth, on *Musical Instruments*, will you permit me to offer a few remarks upon the opinions advanced by that gentleman respecting the *Serpent* ? It is stated by Mr. Hogarth, that this instrument "may now be considered as superseded by the trombone and ophicleide, and is almost entirely laid aside, even in military bands." Now, I very much doubt the correctness of both these opinions ;—that the ophicleide has gained admission into some military bands, and even into some orchestras, I do not at all dispute ; but its introduction into military bands, would by no means seem to have rendered the expulsion of the serpent indispensable—at least, if we may judge from the bands of the Guards, (the most distinguished in the service) for there are *two* retained in each of the first and third regiments, and one (I believe) in the Coldstream. Nor is Mr. Hogarth strictly correct in saying, that the ophicleide is *played upon in the same manner* as the serpent ; for the latter has *finger-holes*, whereas the notes of the former (as its name imports) are wholly produced by means of its *keys*. I imagine Mr. H. had the *bass horn* in his mind, as *that* instrument is furnished with finger-holes. Mr. H. is right in not wishing to see the ophicleide introduced into the theatre ;—but, to his regret, he may be informed, that one has *already* obtained a place in Drury Lane, where it makes itself conspicuous by its occasional roar ! By the bye—if there be any just reason to complain of the *too* great influence which the *brass* instruments have obtained, this ought surely to be of some weight in endeavouring to retain the serpent, which being a *wooden* instrument, its tones must necessarily, in many instances, be *softer* and *more mellow* than those of the ophicleide, and more in accordance with the bassoon, to which it forms a suitable double bass. For these reasons it is, I think, clearly entitled to a preference.

I am, SIR, your obedient Servant,

Paddington, 20th February, 1837.

A. B.

SCOTLAND.

THE EDINBURGH PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S THIRD CONCERT.—From the variety and excellence of the performance, we anticipated a very superior concert. The crowded state of the room amply attested the general expectation of enjoyment, besides a general recovery from the effects of the prevailing epidemic. The influenza seems, however, to cling with peculiar tenacity to those whose powers lie in the throat; for Mr. Hill, on whom depended so much of the vocal music, was literally quite hoarse. We were much grieved for this, both on Mr. Hill's account, and that of those who had never heard him. His glee singing we consider quite perfect; and we assert, in perfect confidence, that he is superior to any contralto singer in London, though we are quite aware of the merits of Hawkins, Knyvett, and Terrail. The glees, then, we are not disposed to criticise very minutely. The substitution of Mr. Jackson for Mr. Hill, in Horsley's exquisite composition 'By Celia's arbour,' was enough to ensure for it the cold reception it met with. It is Mr. Jackson's misfortune, not his fault, that he sings so constantly above pitch; and, being a substitute on the present occasion, we are unwilling to say more. Mr. Stretton, who has a good manly voice, gave an air of Sir John Stevenson's, 'The Snare of Death,' with considerable expression. Of the composition itself, we, who are in general no great admirers of the Irish knight's music, thought highly; but we felt at the same time as if it were introductory to something on a greater scale. Why did Mr. Stretton not give us 'Farewell to the mountain?' a beautiful melody, his singing of which would have ensured him a much warmer welcome than the feeble air from the Puritani could call forth. Mr. Maclagan, who was labouring under severe hoarseness, deserved a little more encouragement than he received, when he kindly agreed to sing a ballad in place of that set down for Mr. Hill.

The idea of preparing 'Brief Notices of the Instrumental Music selected for performance at the concerts,' for the use of the associates during the rehearsals, is one of so useful a nature that we regret it was not sooner acted upon. We know that these short criticisms have been most acceptable to the associates; and we have no doubt that the instrumental pieces performed, on this occasion, were listened to with much greater interest and satisfaction than heretofore. We hope that the 'Brief Notices' may be henceforth continued.

Lindpainter's Overture to the opera of 'Der Vampyr,' is a very favourable specimen of the modern German school. It is Weberish, though it has a character of originality in its details. The introduction is grand and massive, though a little spun out. The succeeding movement is highly wrought; and towards the winding-up there is a remarkably fine sequence for the basses, which produces a noble effect. Upon the whole, this was well performed. Mendelssohn's celebrated Overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' was produced for the first time at these concerts. There are many conflicting opinions among us regarding this composition—some laughing at what they call its absurdity—others, with a profound shake of their heads, avowing their inability to comprehend it—while some old amateurs, whom we pity, ay, and some young ones too, who ought to know better, pronounce it to be any thing but pleasing. The laughing and head shaking class we notice merely to remark, that their judgment (we may so far misemploy the term) altogether depends upon a name; by hearsay they know that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are good composers, but of Mendelssohn they know nothing; *therefore* his music cannot be approved of. Their musical knowledge consists in beating (out of?) time—a most annoying and unmusician-like practice. The old amateurs, who probably began with Pleyel and Haydn, and afterwards reluctantly admitted Beethoven to a share of their approbation, and on whom they

now lavish all their regards, having been twice wedded to prejudice, feel no small jealousy of any new candidate for musical distinction, and at once shut their ears to all risk of seduction from their present idol. As for our younger friends, who affect such superior judgment, and point to Beethoven as the *ne plus ultra*, are they aware of the reception his first works met with from the Haydnites? Moreover, are they in a condition to judge impartially of the compositions of one unknown to them save by this overture, while from infancy the strains of Beethoven have been familiar to their ears? Of old and young amateurs, there are not a few, who will never give an opinion until they have ascertained the name of the composer. But to our dogmatical friends in general, we would say that a little more humility of judgment, and a greater deference to the unanimous opinion of Germany, Paris, and London, or rather England, regarding this very Mendelssohn, would better become them, than the hasty condemnation which ignorance, caprice, or bigotry to a name, however great, might bestow. They ought to have observed, too, how much delight his music caused. The performance of the Overture was as good as could have been expected, without a correct knowledge of the author's intentions. Why, if there was no printed Score, not adopt the simple plan of having the parts copied into score, and thus subject the work to a thorough scrutiny? This would have led to the development of many points that were either lost or confused, and have imparted that degree of colouring, which is so essential to the effective performance of every work. The concluding part of the overture was clumsily played—the wind and brass instruments being quite unsubdued, and the *ritardando* for the violins not by any means gradual enough. We cannot too often repeat, that the leader, or conductor, or whoever is chief of the orchestra, should make himself thoroughly master of the effects of every composition of which he has the management, by means of the Score, and thus be qualified to impart them to the orchestra, otherwise the author's intentions cannot be fully expressed.

We gladly bestow almost unqualified praise on the performance of the Pastoral Symphony. The want of power in the storm movement is imputable only to the size of the orchestra, because, otherwise, it was played with great energy. The wind instruments deserve particular credit for their performance in the rivulet scene; and we thank Mr. F. Dun for having restored the last movement to its proper time, which is *allegretto*.

Mr. Harper gave us much pleasure by his execution upon the trumpet. His tone is good, but it wants that exceeding brilliancy which places the Harper of London so far beyond all competitors. We have to thank Mr. Muller for having introduced the name of Reissiger, in a masterly trio for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, played by himself and Messrs. F. Dun and Hancox. Reissiger is the successor of Weber at Dresden, and has already distinguished himself by several compositions of the highest class. His trios are deservedly celebrated; and the fact of their being all republished in this country, affords no small proof of their excellence.

On the whole, then, this concert has been, perhaps, the best of the season; and we only regret that the next is the last of the series. It will, we suppose, consist, as usual, of sacred music, both ancient and modern. Some of Spohr and Mendelssohn's noble Oratorio music would be very acceptable.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

PROVINCIAL CONCERTS.

MANCHESTER, CONCERT HALL, Thursday, Feb. 16, 1837.—MISCELLANEOUS. *Part I.*—1. Symphony in C; Beethoven.—2. Duet, Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Balfe, 'Invocation to Friendship;' Cooke.—3. Song, Mad. Lacy Brengeri, 'Let us seek the yellow shore;' Bishop.—4. Concerto, (violoncello) Mr.

William Lindley.—5. Song, Miss Clara Novello, 'Non mi dir;' Mozart.—6. Duetto, Mad. Lacy Brengeri and Mr. Hobbs, 'Ricciardo che veggo;' Rossini.—7. Song, Mr. Balfe, 'When the anchor's weigh'd;' Balfe.—8. Duet, Miss Clara Novello and Mr. Balfe, 'Oh! leave me not to pine;' Balfe. *Part II.*—9. Overture, 'Zauberflöte;' Mozart.—10. Song, Mr. Hobbs, 'Oh! weep not, mother;' Hobbs.—11. Duetto, Mad. Lacy Brengeri and Mr. Balfe, 'Se un istante;' Mercadante.—12. Ballad, Miss Clara Novello, 'Jock o'Hazledean.'—13. Solo, (violoncello) Mr. William Lindley.—14. Song, Mr. Balfe, 'Madamina il catalogo;' Mozart.—15. French Romance, Miss Clara Novello.—16. Trio, Miss Clara Novello, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Balfe, 'Ah! taci ingiusto core;' Mozart. A crowded audience was attracted to the Concert Hall on Thursday evening, by the powerful inducements held out in an excellent scheme of performances. The concert opened with the symphony No. 1, (in the programme) which was, perhaps, never played with better effect. The minuet and trio were omitted. The duet between Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Balfe was a most delightful performance, and we felt astonished and disappointed that a repetition was not called for. The song No. 3, introduced a stranger to us, in the person of Mad. Lacy Brengeri. Without dwelling for a moment upon the vocal merits or demerits of the lady, we pronounce her essay on this occasion a most distressing failure. Mr. William Lindley's concerto was a brilliant and chaste performance. His *staccato* bowing in the last movement, and the beautiful manner in which he played the air in harmonies, filled us with surprise and admiration. He selects pieces of a higher class than those usually adopted by his father. His taste is of a superior order, and his expression and intonation are remarkably fine. Miss Clara Novello sang the aria No. 5,³ admirably. Since we last heard her she has improved both in voice and execution. She has also acquired much of the energy for which Malibran was so famous; and we were surprised, too, at the apparent ease with which she gives long *sostenuto* passages. The duetto No. 6, was, through the inefficiency of the lady, as clumsy a performance as we ever listened to. Mr. Balfe was very efficient in the song No. 7. We observed a decided improvement in his singing since we last heard him. His succeeding duet with Miss Clara Novello was a most able performance.

The second part opened with Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte*, which was admirably executed; the wind instruments were well in tune, and the effect of the whole was carefully preserved; perhaps the only exception to the general excellence was observable in our new oboe player; we would advise him to employ a little more care and attention. Mr. Hobbs gave the song No. 10, with great feeling and effect; it is a fine composition, and in every respect a credit to its author. The singing of the duetto No. 11, was the occasion of another failure; but bad as it was, we certainly are not prepared to applaud the conduct observed by some individuals at its conclusion. Hisses, and similar marks of disapprobation, in a musical assembly, are at all times in bad taste, and on the occasion to which we refer, this remark will especially apply. After the duet, Miss Clara Novello very seasonably introduced the ballad No. 12, which she sung most beautifully, and met with a rapturous and well-deserved encore. Lindley's second performance on the violoncello was, in every point of view, deserving of the encomiums which we have bestowed upon the one in the first part. Balfe gave the aria, No. 14, with considerable spirit and effect. In place of the French romance, Miss Clara Novello introduced a very pretty Swiss air, which she sang delightfully. The terzetto, No. 16, was a very satisfactory performance, and concluded the concert.—*Manchester Courier.*

CONCERTS.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, gave their first Quartett Concert last Thursday Evening, (the 16th) in the Hanover

Square Rooms, to an absolutely crammed audience, many of whom could not obtain a seat. The following was the programme of the performance:—

Part I.—Quartett in F major, Op. 10, for two violins, viola, and violoncello,—Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, (first time of performance in this country); Weiss.—Aria, 'Deh! per questo instante,'—Madame Caradori Allan, accompanied on the piano-forte by Sir George Smart, (La Clemenza di Tito); Mozart.—Quartett, in E flat Major, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello,—Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas; Beethoven. *Part II.*—Quartett in G Minor, Op. 27, for piano-forte, violin, viola, and violoncello,—Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Blagrove, Dando, and Lucas; Mozart.—Cantata, 'Der Wachtelschlag,'—Madame Caradori Allan, accompanied on the piano-forte by Sir George Smart, (first time of performance in London); Beethoven.—Sonata in A Major, for violoncello and double bass,—Messrs. Lucas and Howell; Corelli.—Romance, 'Ist es wahr?'—Madame Caradori Allan, accompanied on the piano-forte by Sir George Smart; Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Descriptive Quartett on the foregoing Romance, Op. 13, for two violins, viola, and violoncello,—Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, (first time of performance in this country); Mendelssohn. Weiss's Quartett, is a truly clever and original composition throughout; but the scherzo more especially gratified us. Mad. Caradori sang the 'Deh per questo instante,' with much judgment and effect. She was nicely in tune, and appeared to bestow great pains upon her execution. The Quartett in E flat, of Beethoven—a composition full of lovely melody and masterly counterpoint, and the favourite G Minor of Mozart, which opened the 2nd Part, were performed in a style of almost unexampled excellence. The players, from their incessant practice together, have acquired so complete a harmony of purpose, that the above compositions could scarcely have gone with a more nicely balanced tone, had it been practicable to have played them with one pair of hands. The conclusion of the performance was the signal for a unanimous burst of admiration. Mad. Caradori was encored in the charming song, by Beethoven, 'Der Wachtelschlag,' or 'The song of the Quail,' in which the sentiment of the words is accurately borne out in the melody, and as skilfully treated in the accompaniment. Mr. Howell improves both in volume and firmness of tone, and crispness of execution, every time we hear him. His performance of Corelli's sonata with Mr. Lucas, entitled both performers, but him especially, to high commendation. Mendelssohn's descriptive Quartett of the Romance, was judged by some of the listeners—and they were good listeners, too—to be somewhat lengthy, and over-treated. It is evidently the product of a greatly-original, as well as redundant, brain; the intermezzo movement being especially so, as well as lively in character; and the last, a presto, ending with a phrase of the Romance, is most beautiful. We cannot wonder at the popularity of these chamber performances, for they are among the most intellectual, as well as finished, exhibitions in the musical world: success to them all.

MR. MOSCHELES' SOIRÉE.—The first of the series of Concerts undertaken by Mr. Moscheles, was given last Saturday evening at the Hanover-square rooms. The following is the programme of performance: *PART I.* Grande Sonate brillante (C major, in four movements) Piano-forte, Mr. Moscheles; Weber.—Cantata, Miss Birch, 'Mad Bess'; Purcell.—Three preludes and Fugues (C sharp major, C sharp minor, and D major) P. F. Mr. Moscheles; S. Bach.—German Song, Miss Masson, 'Das erste Veilchen,' (The first violet) Mendelssohn.—Sonate Dramatique (D minor, Op. 29, in three movements) P. F. Mr. Moscheles; Beethoven. *PART II.* A selection from the Suites of Lessons (including the celebrated Cat's Fugue), as originally written for the harpsichord, and, by desire, performed on that instrument by Mr. Moscheles, D. Scarlatti.—The Harmonious Blacksmith, with Handel's Variations, Mr.

Moscheles; Handel.—Duet, Miss Birch and Miss Masson, (*Così fan Tutte*) Mozart.—*Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*, sonate caractéristique, P.F. Mr. Moscheles; Beethoven.—Glee, Miss Birch, Miss Masson, Messrs. Vaughan and Bradbury, 'Go, feeble tyrant;' Jackson.—A selection of new MS. Studies, P.F. Mr. Moscheles; Moscheles. Conductor of the Vocal Music, Sir George Smart.

The opinion was by no means a universal one that Mr. Moscheles' speculation would prove successful: it was thought that a whole evening of piano-forte composition would be found wearying; the result, we are pleased to say, has proved perfectly satisfactory both to the large audience assembled upon the present occasion, and to the giver of the concert. This circumstance arose partly from the novelty of the entertainment, but more especially from the choice character as well as variety of the compositions selected; to say nothing of the ability of the performance. Weber's sonata displays throughout the dramatic and fanciful mind of its author. The Andante is a delightful movement; easy, flowing, and melodious: the finale, vigorous, brilliant, and florid, without extravagance, or display of mere difficulty or 'tours de première force.' Every division of this piece was played with masterly judgment and precision. Miss Birch can, if she please, become a thoroughly popular singer. Her steady reading at sight; her practice in concerted performance; and her good and firm quality of voice, are all so many adjuncts towards the result which, for her own sake, we hope she keeps steadily in view. We would recommend her uniformly to measure her power; and, as uniformly, to let her voice proceed from the chest. In this particular, indeed, we have observed of late a marked improvement in her general execution. She confirmed upon the present occasion the flattering testimonies which attended her former delivery of Purcell's Cantata. To us, who remember the time when Mr. Wesley's idolatry of Bach was thought to proceed quite as much from the affectation of singularity, as caprice and wilfulness, it was amusing to hear a whole audience now encoring the movement in C sharp minor. It was most admirably performed, 'tis true, and Mr. Moscheles is therefore entitled to his full share of the compliment. 'The first violet' is a chaste and expressive melody, upon which Miss Masson bestowed all the pains it deserved, and was rewarded by the approbation of an audience of good judges.

The two sonatas by Beethoven are compositions of immense power; rich and various in fancy, admirably descriptive, and glowing with harmonious combinations. The finale to the former, and the distinctive characteristics of the latter, expressing "Leave-taking, Absence, and Return," were detailed by Mr. Moscheles with a neatness and felicity of execution, as well as appreciation of the sentiment, that perfectly delighted his listeners. The performance of Scarlatti's celebrated Cat-fugue (the occasion of which, and the subject, are too well known to most of our musical readers to need repeating) was received with considerable interest by the audience, on account of the introduction of the old harpsichord. In playing this fugue, the cautious manner in which this fine player indicated the subject, was like a piece of good acting; and, indeed, it excited no small amusement among the company. It was encored. One circumstance at the conclusion of the entertainment particularly struck us, and that was, the manner in which Mr. Moscheles threw himself into the various character of the music he was playing. The style in which he executed a fugue of Bach, and a florid finale of Weber or Beethoven, was as perfectly according with the genius, and we should suppose the intention of each composer, as if he had studied in his school alone. This of itself would stamp him a great player. As a musician generally, if no other proof had been presented to the public than the studies which he modestly put at the close of this evening's performance, they of themselves would proclaim him a refined, as well as deeply scientific professor; for they were master-pieces of grace and learning.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The following pieces (with the exception of Mozart's Concerto in D minor) were performed by this amateur society on Tuesday evening last, at the London Tavern:—**PART. I.**—Mass in E flat, No. 2; Hummel.—Solo and Chorus, 'Softly rise, O southern breeze,' (Solomon); Dr. Boyce.—Motett, 'Non nobis Domine,' (first time of performance in this country); Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Chorus, 'Jehova! to thee be all the glory;' Pfeffel. **PART II.**—Concerto (D minor); Mozart.—Madrigal, 'Fire, fire, my heart;' Morley, 1597.—Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' A. Romberg. The singers were, Miss Birch; Messrs. Horncastle, Moxley, Bradbury, and Alfred Novello. Mr. Neat presided and conducted, as usual. The music in general went very well. The two novelties of the evening—Mendelssohn's Motett, and Romberg's 'Song of the Bell,' appeared to give much satisfaction. The former had better have been sung to the original Latin Words; and the latter, which seems to be very cleverly translated, (no easy task) is beautiful music; but, in the opinion of some of the audience, is rather too much broken into parcels. This piece forms a good companion to the same composer's 'Transient and the Eternal.'

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The fourth Concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening. The following is the programme: **PART I.** Symphony, B flat; C. Lucas.—Glee, "Hail, magic hours," Messrs. Moxley, H. Gear, Joseph Barnett, and Bradbury; J. R. Macfarlane.—Ballad, "How oft I've wandered," Mrs. Geesin; J. C. Clifton.—Recit. ed Aria, "Oh, Zenobia!" Mr. Seguin; W. Dorrell.—Concerto, Piano-forte, B minor, Mr. Litolf; H. C. Litolf.—Canzonet, "Ah! deem not," Miss Bruce; H. Graves.—Duet, "As I saw fair Chlora," Messrs. Wilson and Seguin; Haydn.—Overture, E flat (MS.); F. G. Tinney.—**PART II.** Overture, D minor; E. Perry.—Ballad, "Farewell," Mr. Turner; James Calkin.—Glee, "Shades of the heroes," Messrs. Moxley, Turner, Joseph Barnett, Bellamy, and J. O. Atkins; T. Cooke.—Cantata, "From rosy bowers," Miss Bruce; T. Cooke.—Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Lucas; C. Lucas.—Ballad, "No joy without my love," Miss Rainforth; T. Cooke.—Ballad, "Beautiful Moon," Mrs. Geesin; E. J. Neilson.—Overture (Comic Opera); G. A. Macfarren.—Leader, Mr. T. Cooke. The Concert under the direction of Mr. Clifton.

The variety of matter pressing upon us this week, compels the giving little more than a general notice of the performance. Mr. Lucas is giving way to the modern fashion of surcharging his score with the brass instruments. The grandeur of a composition can only be sustained by the most judicious attention to relief; and this effect must be all-but neutralized, where the trumpets, horns, and trombones, with drums, are in constant requisition. The above objection, partially removed, Mr. Lucas's symphony would in our estimation be essentially improved; for it contains much able writing. Mr. Litolf's concerto, which was well played, is a scholar-like as well as elegant composition. The glee, 'Hail, magic hours,' is sweet in melody, and clever in construction. It was nicely sung. The same compliment may be paid to Mr. Clifton's and Mr. Graves's songs. The subject of the latter is pretty, but the whole requires to be more varied. Mr. Hayden's duet was encored, and deservedly, for it is a tasteful as well as scientific composition. We thought Mr. Calkin's ballad one of the best vocal pieces of the evening. It is an expressive melody, and in excellent keeping with the sentiment of the poetry. Miss Rainforth sang Mr. Cooke's ballad—a very pretty one—in a delightful manner; her voice was clear, firm, and in tune. Miss Bruce took pains with Purcell's Cantata, and is therefore entitled to every forbearance on the part of the critic: but it is not reasonable to say that she is scarcely equal to it. We have no room for farther notices.

CONCERT OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—The last of this series was given last night, at the Horn Tavern, Doctors' Commons. These are the only concerts in London—perhaps in England—that are devoted exclusively to the performance of instrumental music; and, to the good taste of the residents east of Temple-bar, be it spoken, so well have they been supported, that another series of four concerts is announced.

THE CATHEDRALS.

THE honest truths revealed in our little periodical respecting the Cathedral Choirs, have excited the most violent indications of wrath. Among other vagaries, it has been reported that there are spies in the land, and that directions have been given to the *bellows-blower* (!) at St. Paul's not to permit certain persons to go upstairs into the organ gallery. If this be true, if such an edict hath been promulgated, it may be presumed that as there is no mystery without guilt, so the attempt at concealment usually arises from a cause for it. But we, who believe that MR. ATTWOOD, THE CHAPEL-MASTER, is as anxious as any member of the profession, to assist hand and heart in the effort to raise the character of his order from its present state of degradation in this country; to make its members independant of the toil and turmoil of elementary instruction, and by placing them in an honourable station of society, and in a state of moderate affluence, to open the way for a sedulous and unremitting cultivation of the art in its highest and most honourable department:—we, believing this of Mr. Attwood, have no hesitation in presuming that these reports are the fabrication of some short-sighted individual, who may possibly imagine that the march of intellect in musical matters would prove as detrimental to the common-weal, as it was at one time considered by some portion of the clergy, that the general diffusion of the Scriptures would be. We shall steadily pursue our object—that of the best welfare of the Establishment, its cathedrals, and the choral worship, which forms one of its chief and most ancient ornaments; and if any person should state that we adopt a system of espionage, flatter and seduce the (so-called) disaffected, or trust to others for either our facts or observations in matters relating to the mode of choral worship now practised in this great city, we beg most distinctly to charge that person with the utterance of a base, dishonest, and slanderous untruth. We rest assured, however, that there is not a single individual at St. Paul's, possessing the slightest pretensions to talent or science, whose heart would not leap in his breast at the prospect of a speedy amelioration of existing defects.

There may be some obscure and pale-hearted grumblers, who ever

“Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,”

parry our statements, distort our arguments, and, by their harmless abuse, raise if possible to a higher distinction the most estimable members of the profession. Should there be any professor eminent for commanding talent, or for a long-trying, upright, and manly course of conduct, thus distinguished; should the epithets *fellow* and *spy*, and the other phrases usually to be found emanating from low vulgarity, and still baser ignorance, surprise by their strange and unjust application—let it be remembered that it is but “the confusion of the head arising

from the corruption of the heart." On the upright in heart and intention, even the inventions of malice and all uncharitableness must eventually fall innocuous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIESTE.—Great preparations are making for the coronation, at Milan, of the Emperor of Austria, which is to take place in the autumn. Rossini has been engaged to compose an opera for the occasion; and it is said that he will bring with him all the first-rate vocal talent from Paris. Every lodging in the city is already engaged.—*Examiner*.

STRADELLA.—The well-known incident in the romantic life of this singer, viz. that of his having softened, by the exquisite pathos of his singing, the hearts of the two ruffians who were hired to assassinate him, has been lately dramatised, and represented with success in Paris. Achard performs the part of the hero.—*John Bull*.

ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.—On Sunday Evening next a sermon will be preached in this church for the benefit of the Parochial Girl's School, which is one of the best conducted in the metropolis. Mr. Francis, Mr. Alfred Novello, and the Master Cowards, (of the Westminster Abbey choir) will sing in the course of the service the anthem, 'Hear, my prayer,' Kent: the beautiful duet 'For so hath the Lord,' and the quartett, 'How lovely are the messengers,' both from the oratorio of St. Paul. Mendelssohn, in this singular, novel, and exquisite movement, has in his happiest manner perfected a combination of the two styles of Sebastian Bach and Louis Beethoven.

ST. GEORGE'S, MIDDLESEX.—Mr. Lyon, the late organist of this church, has been succeeded by a Mr. Cash, a blind performer. Four candidates were selected to perform on the day of trial, and on Mr. Cash, the favourite, taking his turn at the organ, his friends 'doused the glims,' in order that there might be no mistake. His appointment to St. George's, has left a vacancy at St. Michael's, Queenhithe.

CHRIST-CHURCH, NEWGATE-ST.—The introduction of choral music in our parish churches would be exceedingly desirable, and in most cases prove an additional attraction to the beautiful service of the Liturgy: and whenever the opportunity presents itself of hearing the performance of those noble specimens of counterpoint bequeathed to us as the splendid legacies of the genius of our sacred composers, the crowded state of the solemn edifices, the large and attentive congregations, most undeniably testify the interest taken in them by the public. On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Preston, Rector of this church, preached to a full and numerous congregation, which would have proved still larger had not the weather been so unfavourable. Master Coward, Master J. Coward (two of the Westminster choristers) Mr. Francis, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. J. O. Atkins sang that noble specimen of counterpoint, the anthem 'Call to remembrance,' by Battishill, which is one of the most pathetic compositions of this or any other country, and delights as much by its beautiful melody as it does by the extraordinary display of learning and genius. Dr. Boyce's anthem 'O where shall wisdom be found,' so dramatic in its character, and Dr. Creighton's lovely gem 'I will arise,' were executed in an equally charming manner. The collections were liberal.

CONCERT REHEARSALS.—It should ever be recollected that a Rehearsal is a strictly private performance, and conducted throughout more for the advantage of the composers than the performers. With the exception of the Ancient Concerts, most of the other subscription concerts determine on a strictly private rehearsal. Still there are those occasionally who boldly intrude themselves; and others who sneak behind pillars and adopt different modes of

avoiding observation. But such instances should never escape unnoticed or unproved.

KING'S THEATRE.—The Italian Opera opens for the season to-morrow evening. The company who have been so successful at the Lyceum, are engaged till after Easter; when we are promised all the fine talent which rendered the last season so lucrative a speculation to the lessee. Ivanhoff will be added to the company, and Albertazzi, the contr'alto, who is at this time so popular in Paris. Héberlé, too, the beautiful dancer, and model of a figure, is engaged.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ORGAN BUILDER has been received.

Operas, Concerts, &c. for the ensuing week.

Saturday, 25th.....Italian Opera opens.
Monday, 27th.....First Philharmonic, Hanover Square.
Tuesday, 28th.....Italian Opera.
Thursday, March 2nd.....Chamber Concert, Willis's Rooms.
Saturday, 4th.....Moscheles' Second Soirée, Hanover Square.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO-FORTE.

Burgmüller. Souvenir de Schœnbrunn, Valse brillante.....MORI
— La Vogue, Galope brillant en Rondo.....DITTO
Czerny (C.) Récréations Musicales. Six Select Airs from Bellini, with Variations.....DITTO
— Retour de Kalisch. Bril. Vars. op. 138.....WESSEL
— Musical Greenhouse, No. 11, by Clinton.....DITTO
Donizetti. Una furtiva. Così chiara e come il sole. L'Elisir d'Amore.....PAINE
Hüntén (F.) Les Fleurs d'Italie. Three favourite Italian Airs, with Vars.....MORI
Selli (W. C.) Set of the easiest Lessons, founded on Popular Airs, for Beginners.....GEORGE
Schunke. Pas des Bayadères, in the Ballet "L'Isle des Pirates," arranged as a bril. Rondo.....CHAPPELL
Thalberg. We're a noddin, with Vars.....COCKS
Truzzi. Select Airs from L'Elisir d'Amore, 2 Books.....MORI
Valentine. Trois Airs de Donizetti. No. 1. Ah dolce guidami OLLIVIER
Weber (C. M. von) First Grand Sonata in C, op. 24.....WESSEL
Wood (W. T.) New Year's Offering. Set of Waltzes, as Duets BOOSEY
Weippert (G.) The Gem Quadrilles, Nos. 1 and 2.....HOLLOWAY

VOCAL.

Bordogni. 19 new Vocal Exercises for Contr'alto or Mezzo-soprano Voices.....BOOSEY
Hurrah! I'm off to the sea. Blewitt.....OLLIVIER

Hail, lovely Venice. Round for 3 equal Voices. W. H. Montgomery.....JEFFERTS
Mary, the Fisher's Wife. W. Guernsey.....DEAN
Never for fortune care, love. Lewis Way.....JEFFERTS
Of what is the old man thinking. T. H. Bayly, J. P. Knight.....MORI
One morn Parnassus' mount I passed. In honour of Malibran. Caprini, T. Brown.....COOPER
Sweet are the charms of her I love. Canzonet, W. J. Wood.....BOOSEY
The dark blue eye. H. L. Hermann.....DEAN

FOREIGN VOCAL.

Benedict (G.) Oh che rabbia, Cavatina. Che più dirvi, Aria. Vieni o caro. Duetto. Ah campo della gloria, Aria. Infelice poverino. Duetto. All from "Un Anno in un Giorno".....MORI

GUITAR.

Love in a cottage. Pelzer.....CHAPPELL

FLUTE.

Berbiguier. Grand Solo in G, Violoncello Accompt. ad lib.PAINE

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beethoven's Three Sonatas, op. 30, Violin and Piano-forte.....COCKS
Bochsa. Select Airs from the Huguenots, Harp and Piano-forte, 2 Books.....MORI
— Ditto, as Harp Solos.....DITTO
Chatterton. Divertimento on the Quartett from Ditto.....DITTO
De Beriot's First Three Airs, with Vars. Violin and Piano-forte.....COCKS
Weber (C. M. von) Six Easy Sonatas, Violin and Piano-forte.....DITTO